

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2291

and **BYSTANDER**

London
May 23, 1945



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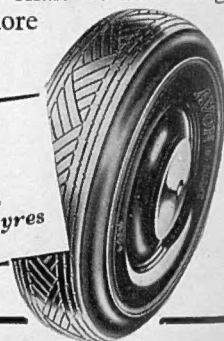
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Marcus Adams

Mrs. Cosmo Russell With Cecilia

Mrs. Cosmo Russell is seen here with her elder daughter Cecilia, who has a sister born in the April of this year. Mrs. Russell is the wife of Major Cosmo Russell of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who has recently been home on leave from the B.L.A. He is the eldest son of the Hon. Sir Odo Russell, formerly Minister at the Hague, and a cousin of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Amptill. Mrs. Russell, who is the eldest of four sisters, is a daughter of Canon R. E. Parsons, Secretary to the Churches for Religious Education among the Forces, and a cousin of the Earl of Rosse. Her second sister, Clare, is the wife of Lieut. David Russell, R.N.V.R., Major Russell's youngest brother



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Protest

IN the United States more than in this country there have been protests about the manner in which the German military leaders have been allowed to bask and pose in the limelight of publicity. There has also been some mystification everywhere because of the apparent freedom so far enjoyed by would-be political leaders like Doenitz and Count Schwerin von Krosigk. In the numerous interviews which the captured generals have been allowed to state their views for world consumption the very suspicious see much danger.

sufferings of Europe over many years. It must be smashed root and branch so that never again can the cruel and ambitious, the aristocratic and the autocratic, who might inherit what they regard as its undimmed glories, have power to bring it to life again.

Unsavoury

GOERING's is an unsavoury record, if only the incident of the burning of the Reichstag and the subsequent phoney trial of the alleged culprits is taken into account. Any man who could be partner in such an affair must be a

would have sought peace at once. That is why Hitler signed his death warrant, and robbed him of his titles. But that doesn't make Goering a martyr or less of a Nazi or a friend of any European. He is still a luxury-loving gangster.

Peace

IN the days which followed the end of hostilities in Europe it was difficult to believe that the war was over, that air raids and V-bombs were at an end and that peace was with us. Even now, at this seemingly long distance from those first days of inward rejoicing, it is difficult to imagine. There's something entirely different from the end of the last war. People are more uneasy about the peace, and less in a mood to accept the blessings as well as the responsibilities which it must bring. This may be due to the war's ending. Ever since the crossing of the Rhine we all must have felt that Germany's defeat was not only certain but very near. It was a foregone conclusion, and therefore when it came people did not relish any surprise; they looked deeper beneath the surface and further ahead into the future than they would have done if the Germans



Freed at Innsbruck

Photographed at Innsbruck, after their release from over two years captivity, with Major-General Anthony B. McAuliffe, commander of 103rd Infantry Division, were: Ex-Premier Paul Reynaud, Mme Weygand, General Gamelin, Ex-Premier Edouard Daladier and General Weygand



Kesselring Surrenders to U.S. Army

Field-Marshal Albert von Kesselring surrendered himself to Maj.-Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor of 101st Airborne Division, having previously refused to leave his private train until Gen. Eisenhower sent instructions as to whom he should surrender. He is seen with Brig. Higgins and Maj.-Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor

They regard it as something sinister that the German generals should blame the Nazi Party for their final failures. I can't see what good or harm this can do, if the Allies maintain their purpose. The Nazi Party is finished. Its leaders are dead or scattered. Goering will certainly be brought to trial. He will not be allowed to charm himself out of the situation in which his previous activities have now placed him. Doenitz may yet find himself in the dock, unless he and Goering both find some other way of ending their unhappy lives. As an organization the Nazi Party is fully discredited. Nothing can revive it and, I hope, the German General Staff which is equally culpable.

More than once it has been the proclaimed policy of the Allies to smash the highly-efficient organization of German militarism which has reposed and always survived in the bosom of the German General Staff. The outlook, education and inspiration of that body has been the cause of Germany's insane ambitions, her persistent restlessness and the

gangster in purpose and outlook. But on his arrest Goering appeared to imagine that he could expect the rights and the privileges of a warrior who had had no part or lot in politics. It was to be expected that Goering would turn against Hitler and revile him at the last moment as he did. It makes the dead propagandist Goebbels appear in a somewhat better light. Goering was always very near to Hitler. He presided at all his great public orations, he handled Party problems for him and when, as at Munich in 1938, things did not appear to be going the Fuehrer's way it was Goering who did the backslapping.

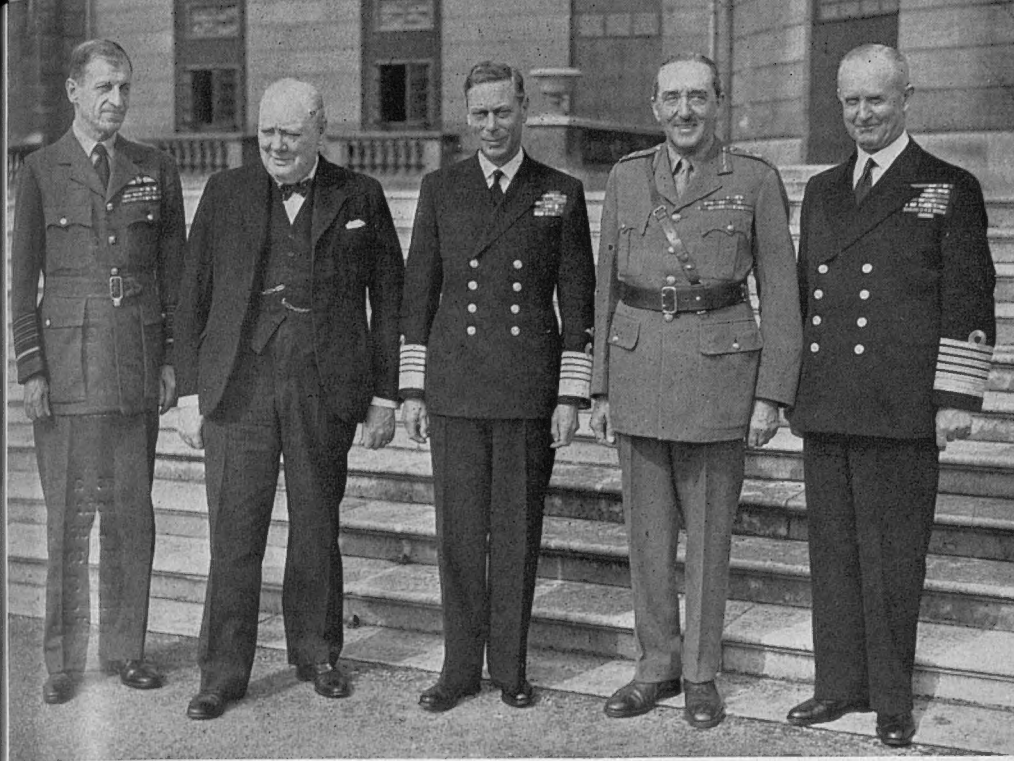
For all his work, Hitler allowed Goering every freedom to indulge himself. Before the liberation of France Goering was a regular visitor to Paris, where he seized all that he wanted. There is no doubt that the sly mind of Goering will work overtime when he realizes his present position. If Hitler had presented the succession to Goering, as he insists he demanded some days before the Fuehrer's death was announced, I'm certain that he

had suddenly collapsed and peace had come on us unexpectedly.

Again, it must be remembered that we have all been very much nearer this war than we were the last. The eye-witness broadcast accounts of battles and advances, the fuller war reports in the newspapers, and the more general feeling that we were all involved. The radio has made a tremendous difference to all our lives, just as television will do in the future, as well as the aeroplane and the flying boat. As the war has shown, all the inventions and aids to the modern way of life bring with them increased responsibilities. They all make the need for leadership greater than ever before, and they demand of all a deeper consciousness of the realities of communal life.

Warning

IF anybody in this country or abroad ever doubted that the war has brought Britain closer to the Continent of Europe, the Prime Minister has once and for all disabused their minds. I thought the most pregnant sentence



VE-Day Scene in London

Photographed at the palace in their victorious hour were H.M. the King, with Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, Mr. Churchill, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, all looking pleased and thankful

of his recent broadcast was this: "On the Continent of Europe we have yet to make sure that the simple and honourable purposes for which we entered the war are not brushed aside or overlooked in the months following our success, and that the words Freedom and Democracy and Liberation are not distorted from their true meaning as we have understood them."

There is a wealth of meaning in these words. All the political philosophy of Mr. Churchill is enshrined in them. They represent all that he has lived and fought for in forty odd years of political experience. Of course the Prime Minister is right when he says: "There would be little use in punishing the Hitlerites for their crimes if law and justice did not rule, and if totalitarian or police governments were to take

the place of the German invaders." In war it is necessary that discipline should be maintained at all costs. Discipline is the price of victory. It is also the secret of efficiency in the conduct of civilian affairs, but spying, torture, concentration camps, prisons, sudden death without trial are not the discipline of democracy. I fully accept the Prime Minister's assertions. Of what use is it that we should fight and suffer and die if the things against which we have struggled are going to be perpetuated in some other but equally cruel form? There is no prospect of regeneration of Europe or of Britain if this philosophy is to be maintained after the death of Nazism and is to grow stronger because the victory has been won. "It is the victors who must search their hearts in their glowing

hours and be worthy by their nobility of the immense forces that they wield," says Mr. Churchill.

Conference

MARSHAL STALIN, or his spokesmen, have said more than once that it is to be expected that the peace must bring its troubles, but they can all be overcome. Optimism prevails still that the Polish situation will be settled satisfactorily, and that other equally harassing matters will yield to discussion and compromise. Certainly M. Molotoff has shown considerable ability in asserting the views of Soviet Russia at San Francisco. Considering that this was the first large-scale international conference M. Molotoff has attended it was nothing short of remarkable that he should have shown such aptitude on political manoeuvre, timing and publicity. As for his personal qualities, all who came into contact with the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs were impressed by his charm and his friendliness. So San Francisco may have done something more than draft a Charter for future World Security. It may have increased understanding between people, for that leads to understanding and friendship among nations.

Necessity

MR. CHURCHILL's friendship for the late President Roosevelt brought Britain and the United States closer together than they have ever been. What they together achieved in their personal relations will endure for a very long time. It is to be hoped that similarly M. Molotoff's experiences in San Francisco and his future journeyings may help to bring Soviet Russia and all other powers into closer understanding and appreciation of each other's ideals and outlook.

In view of present conditions in Europe, the relaxation which has come with the end of the fighting, the uncertainty which must follow on the liberation of countries which have suffered so much, there is need now as much, if not more, than before for an urgent meeting between the Big Three.

Only they can lay afresh the foundations of Europe, and give the directives which will revive hope and replace fear in the hearts of men and women.



The Allies Toast to Victory

Representatives of the three great allied powers raise their glasses to the signing of the German unconditional surrender, at the Russian H.Q. in Berlin. They are Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander, Field-Marshal George K. Zhukov, Deputy C.-in-C. of Soviet Forces, and Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, U.S.T.A.F.



The Axis Accepts Defeat

At the Russian H.Q. Col. Gen. P. F. Stumpf, C.-in-C. of the Luftwaffe, Field-Marshal Wilhelm Keitel of the German Army, and General Adml. Hans George Friedeburg, C.-in-C. of the German Fleet, sit in stoic resignation before the signing of the ratified surrender terms agreed upon at Rheims

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Mixed Bag

By James Agate

AT last, after I have finally given him up, Charles Laughton returns to the proper business of acting. *Quem Deus vult perdere*, he first makes go all roguey-poguey. As a comic beachcomber, a comic butler, a comic ghost and a lot of other comic things Laughton struck me as being a frightening example of the Charm School gone wrong. Now, in *Suspect* (Leicester Square) he returns, as I say, to his proper job. It is a bit late in the day to quote Aristotle, but I really felt the other evening that any one of us, married to a soured harpy, relentless in her termagancy

and averse to connubiality, might have done what this film's wretched little tobaccoconist's assistant did. An appalling hag who will neither let her husband live with her nor without her, and what is more, is determined to destroy the happiness which he snatches where he can. What is it the Ghost in *Hamlet* says:—

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

One feels inclined to call this murder least foul, very little strange, and perfectly natural! Laughton's admirable playing of a difficult part is marked by a restraint which may lead

the undiscerning to undervalue a remarkable performance. Ella Raines is superb as the wife.

LET me come clean. My admiration for Walt Disney, great in the early days, has now attained vanishing point. I detest Pluto, and loathe Donald Duck. Now it is a sound rule of criticism that when a critic has as blind a spot as this, he should not set up to judge that spot. I shall therefore hazard no opinion on *The Three Caballeros* (New Gallery) and shall avail myself of the help of a friend who, I remember, has in the past placed Disney on a level with Goethe, Leonardo da Vinci and Johann Sebastian Bach.

MY friend writes: "I think it was a pity that a little earlier the management gave us an adorable affair called *Ugly Duckling*. This is perfectly enchanting, and equal to any of the former Silly Symphonies. The griefs, the desolation and the disappointments of the ill-favoured little thing are as heartrending as



"A Medal For Benny" is set in an old Californian town inhabited by a community of peasants of mixed Spanish, Indian and Mexican blood. When one of the village boys is awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour after he has died a hero in battle, the whole village leaps into prominence. Lolita (Dorothy Lamour) as "the sweetheart of America's No. 1 hero," comes in for her share of the publicity, but fortunately her love for her childhood friend Joe (Arturo de Cordova) survives the temptations



"Sudan" takes us back to the old days of slaves, of brigands, of beautiful girls branded by torture, of dancing girls and Arab steeds. In the cast are Maria Montez as Naila, daughter of the King of Khemmis, an ancient realm beside the River Nile, Jon Hall as Merab, a vagabond who saves her from slavery, Andy Devine as Nebka, another vagabond and friend of Merab's, and George Zucco as Horadeh, the murderer of Naila's father. Glorious desert scenes in Technicolor, and bloodthirsty tales of treachery make up this fairy story film which is pleasant enough escapism to while away an hour or two



"Bring On The Girls" is the first Technicolor picture and the first musical for both Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts. It brings back to the screen, as a dancing-singing star for the first time since "Holiday Inn," young Marjorie Reynolds and introduces a new dancing star in Johnny Coy, former Broadway hooper. Eddie Bracken is once again a sailor but this time he is also the world's richest young man. He is seen above with Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts



"The Princess And The Pirate" is Bob Hope's latest. Action takes place aboard the packet "Mary Ann" bound for Jamaica in 1740. Among the passengers are Sylvester the Great (Bob Hope), a conceited actor, and Margaret Warbrook (Virginia Mayo), who is really a princess travelling incognito after a quarrel with her royal father. A buccaneer vessel storms the "Mary Ann" determined to hold the Princess for ransom. Plenty of hilarious situations follow giving Bob all the opportunities he wants for cracking and clowning in his own inimitable manner



"*They Were Sisters*" is the story of three girls in the time just after the last war who separate and marry, and the film follows the thread of their lives over a long period of years. Phyllis Calvert and James Mason are in the leading roles, ably supported by Peter Murray Hill, Dulcie Grey, Anne Crawford, and Hugh Sinclair. In the above picture Lucy (Phyllis Calvert) is seen with her husband William (Peter Murray Hill), to whom she is very happily married, helping her sister Charlotte (Dulcie Grey) with Charlotte's little daughter Judith (Ann Stephens)



Lucy, who has always mothered the two sisters, demands to see Charlotte, who is ill, but Geoffrey (James Mason), her cruel and selfish husband, seen here with his eldest daughter Margaret (Pamela Kellino), is annoyed at Lucy's interference. He perpetually illtreats Charlotte and his children except for Margaret, whom he possessively loves

its ultimate happy absorption into the aristocratic Swan family is comforting. But when we come to *The Three Caballeros*, things are very different. The simplicity has gone, to be replaced by an elaborate and complex phantasmagoria daunting to the ear and wholly confusing to the eye. Nothing remains still for two seconds; there is an unending frenzy of motion; everything dances, rocks, flies in the air, hurls itself to the ground, enlarges, diminishes—and with such velocity that, like a series of conjuring tricks, the eye cannot keep pace with the speed of the happenings.

ALTHOUGH the old ease has gone. The Silly Symphonies were short but lucid. This is a damned long symphony, sufficiently silly, too, in places, but of an intricacy which would suggest to a musician the difference between an early sonata of Mozart and a late one by Scriabin. A new character appears in the person of a parrot, called Joe Carioca, whom I regret to say, I do not find very amusing. Then we have our old friend Donald Duck. Alas, he has left all his fun behind him! Both these worthies elect to visit South America, Mexico, and other warm countries, where everybody appears to dance all the time, and where they are accompanied by a Yellow Creature with a Spanish accent and called Panchito. I could only imagine that Disney, who is such a supreme master of beauty and pathos when he likes, has deliberately taken a leaf out of *Hellzapoppin's* crazy book. Which is a pity. Disney should never descend to the merely crazy—he should remain what he was at his best, the incarnation and realization of that incredible world in which every child believes, and of which so many sober adults still see nostalgic visions.

THEN we have flesh-and-blood figures dancing—they all dance in this film—in and out, up and down, with the dwarfish birds reaching to their knees—an effect which is grotesque but singularly unpleasing to the eye. The music? This is quite dreadfully common and vulgar. Can Disney, with his limitless resources, find no better composers in Hollywood than the makers of these empty

and witless tunes? Even the South American stuff, saved in part by its exciting rhythms, is made up out of the most banal themes. I say again, that this is a pity.

NEVERTHELESS, even if I register a little disappointment, I know full well that this latest film of the great magician of the picturesque and the fantastic will be a howling success. Those with good eyes will not mind the blinding brilliance of its super-technicolor, which in its brazen riot piles Strauss upon Wagner, Pelion upon Ossa and Popocatepetl upon the Himalayas. This is the very frenzy of cinematic jitterbugging."

So much for my friend.

SOMEBODY, I think my colleague Ivor Brown, once wrote an essay maintaining that work is work and not play, and as such distasteful. I agreed at the time, and I agree now. Always on the understanding that work is doing something which you don't want to do but must. A lot of nonsense has been written about Balzac "plying the pick for dear life, like an entombed miner," of Flaubert, "sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, but continuing his labour like a true working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away at his anvil, whether it rain or blow, hail or thunder." There is not the slightest resemblance between Balzac and a miner. The great novelist enjoyed every minute of his labour; the miner just plugs away at it. Nor is there any resemblance between Flaubert and a blacksmith. We know now that dear Gustave would spend the whole afternoon on a sofa smoking Turkish cigarettes and gestating the *mot juste*; the blacksmith wants to see the last of some wretched horse and get back to his spreading chestnut tree.

LIKE work, education is a plaguey hard business. And a dull business. But I doubt whether education can ever be as dull as re-education, particularly when the thing to be re-educated is Nazi Germany. I declare *The Master Race* (Ritz) to be without entertainment value of any kind. Sitting at it, I found myself wishing that I had gone to see . . . But my space has run out.



The third sister, Vera (Anne Crawford), has also made an unsuccessful marriage. Eventually when her husband Brian offers to take her to America with him she leaves him for her lover Terry (Hugh Sinclair), who is seen with her above. Lucy meanwhile, who has no children of her own, adopts Vera's unwanted daughter Sara



Geoffrey's cruelty drives Charlotte to drink, and his son Stephen to run away from home. He is seen persuading Charlotte to stay when she has threatened to leave him, but at last, unable to bear life any longer, she rushes into the street and is killed by a car. At the inquest which follows, Lucy gives evidence to prove that Geoffrey is directly responsible for Charlotte's death

The Theatre

"Lady From Edinburgh" (Playhouse)

THIS ill-made little comedy has charm. It is Barrie-esque without the Barrie magic: indeed it might well have been written by one of Barrie's heroines, let us say Maggie Shand, who came near to declaring (you remember): "Charm is a sort of bloom on a play. Those that have it don't need to have anything else . . ." *Lady From Edinburgh* has this mysterious, all-sufficing bloom, and it gets along very well without the virtues that are more than skin deep.

The real authors, Miss Aimée Stuart and Mr. L. Arthur Rose, begin by playing a trick upon the audience, but by the time that we discover we have been shamelessly misled we are

sufficiently charmed not to mind. They represent the aunt who is about to descend upon her Park Lane relatives as a family terror. She is, we gather, a garrulous, managing, tactless bore who may be counted on to treat the cook as a mere cook and not as the last surviving link between a decent wartime family and the amenities of civilization; and the cook will certainly leave. The aunt arrives in the person of Miss Sophie Stewart. She is garrulous; she is managing; and she makes no bones about ordering a Welsh rarebit which has not been the subject of diplomatic negotiation between mistress and cook. And the cook hands in her notice, or perhaps it would be more seemly

to say, asks for her ambassadorial papers. Nor is this all that leads us to take it for granted that the family knows its aunt. A shy young professor has come to court the daughter of the house. His shyness takes the form of admitting that he is hungry and that he would prefer a good cigar to a cigarette. He makes little headway with his courtship until he breaks the news that a munificent Government has just paid him £50,000 for an invention. Then his courtship flames like a house on fire; his rival, a mere fighting man, is cast off; and his prospective father-in-law, throwing away the cares of a wartime taxpayer, presses on him another of the few remaining

Coronas. But Aunt Christabel takes a poor view of the professor, and having offended the cook, offends him into the bargain. Clearly, an odious aunt!

Now all this is the purest misrepresentation of the leading character. All that follows merely goes to show how fantastically one sister may misread the character of another, but since all that follows is quite charming the authors are forgiven their unfairness. The lady from Edinburgh is by no means an insensitive bore. As a cook she is a treasure, and above stairs she can give all her relatives a long start in tact, measure and good sense and beat them to it handsomely. She may be managing, she may be outspoken, but all her qualities are steeped in charm, in Scottish charm. It is she who divines that her niece is unhappy about the lover she has jilted for the professor's £50,000, and it is she who warns the professor that his engagement may not survive his former rival's last leave. And when she is proved right, how disconsolate is the woolly-minded inventor, how apparently unsympathetic the widow from Edinburgh! But slowly it dawns upon him that the aunt is worth a hundred of her nieces; and by delicate degrees he is led to perceive that the woman with whom it has been so delightful to quarrel has become absolutely necessary to his comfort and sense of well-being. Slow as the professor has been to make the obvious discovery, he is quicker than the rest of the family; and what a surprise it is that dull Aunt Christabel should have captured the great prize, after all, and what a relief that the £50,000 is to stay in the family.

BUT old and trite as the fable may be, it has something of the quality of a fairy tale. We are ready to believe what the authors and the actors make it such a pleasant thing to believe. Miss Sophie Stewart has a part which, as soon as she can reveal her natural charm, suits her to perfection, and Mr. Roland Bird draws an enjoyable caricature of this latest version of the absent-minded professor in love. There is besides a quietly humorous sketch of the worried ratepayer by Mr. Henry Hewitt.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Wickham, the family cook (Ethel Coleridge), announces that she has been called up, much to the consternation of Mother (Enid Sass) and Father (Henry Hewitt)



Aunt Christabel, the Lady from Edinburgh (Sophie Stewart), is horrified at the slovenly habits of the Professor (Richard Bird). She takes him in hand and very soon educates him to a more conventional state of living



Greta: "Professor Daunt—my Mother"

Professor Daunt (Richard Bird) arrives unexpectedly at the family flat in Mayfair. He has called to see Greta (Dulcie Gray), with whom he has fallen in love, but his welcome is not very warm until he announces that he has just been paid £50,000 for his latest invention (Enid Sass plays Greta's mother, Henry Hewitt her father)

From Paris to London

After a Sensational Success in Paris, "Lady from Edinburgh" Opens in London



Greta: "I'm afraid I'm too fond of expensive things. I hate cheap clothes, cheap shoes and stockings . . . I'd kick over the traces, I just couldn't stick it"

Greta, goaded by her aunt's disapproval and fascinated by the £50,000, decides to break her engagement to the man she really loves, Ian (Alan Haines), and marry the Professor



Christabel: "Can you not bear a wee dod of pain?"

Professor: "Call that a wee dod? Ow!"

Family life is complicated by the arrival of Aunt Christabel (Sophie Stewart), a charming but managing widowed relation, who soon controls the lives of the family, including the haphazard existence of the Professor

• *Lady from Edinburgh*, after establishing theatre history by being the first play intended for the West End to have its premiere on the Continent, has come to the Playhouse. Written by Aimée Stuart and L. A. Rose, it brings back to the stage after far too long an absence Richard Bird, who, as Professor Daunt, a dishevelled, brilliant scientist, sweeps the recently widowed Lady from Edinburgh (Sophie Stewart) off her feet and into an entirely new matrimonial venture

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Wickham: "Good evening, sir. I hope I'll give you satisfaction"

Aunt Christabel, who by now has taken charge of the Professor's life, engages for him as housekeeper the family's old maid Wickham (Ethel Coleridge). Soon after this the Professor decides that life would be intolerable without Aunt Christabel: Greta breaks her engagement in order to go back to Ian and the Professor is free to ask the Lady from Edinburgh to marry him

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

VE-Day

OVERWORKED as some superlatives were in the descriptions of VE-Day scenes, there are no words too strong to apply to the delirious enthusiasm and the unflagging patience of the great crowds which thronged the Mall and the approaches to Buckingham Palace on that wonderful day and the next: and the only thing that equalled the eagerness of the crowds was perhaps the cheerful tirelessness of the King and Queen, who, with the Princesses, made appearance after appearance on the crimson-draped balcony, and even, on the night of VE plus One, climbed to the Palace roof to survey the amazing scene.

Visit to the East End

WHEN Their Majesties left the Palace for their drive through East London, the crowds knew well enough that they had gone, for, many thousands strong, they formed a triumphant lane of cheers the whole length of the Mall as the Royal car passed. Yet they would not leave the Palace precincts, and when, three hours later, the King and Queen came back, there the crowds still were, just as big as ever, and just as persistent in their calls for the King. After only a very brief interval for rest after the strenuous tour—nothing in even the Jubilee or the Coronation drives was on a par with the delighted reception the men and women who bore the brunt of the V-2 attacks gave Their Majesties—the King and Queen came out on to the balcony again with the Princesses and stood for several minutes acknowledging the ovations of the thousands. It was not until half-past midnight that they decided to put a finishing touch to the rejoicings by another, and final, appearance on the balcony. And after all that, next day they set off on another tour of London's V-2 ruins, this time on the south side of the river.

Princess Elizabeth, who likes to see things for herself, asked the King's permission to go out into the crowds with her sister, and on both evenings the Princesses, with two young officers of the Brigade as escorts, walked around in the packed streets, looking up at the floodlit Palace—an unexpected and



Lady-in-Waiting

The Hon. Mrs. Jean Gibbs, who is the widow of Capt. the Hon. Vicary Paul Gibbs, has been appointed Second Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth. She is the daughter of Capt. A. V. Hambro, M.P. for North Dorset

Fayer

unrehearsed gesture that was received with enormous appreciation when the news of their presence spread.

Personal Friends

IN the Palace forecourt, a little group of privileged folk—members of the Royal Household and some of their friends—waved



Hampshire Christening

Christopher John, the infant son of Lt.-Cdr. (A) the Hon. J. R. Godley, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and the Hon. Mrs. Godley, of Brookfield, Alverstoke, Hants, was christened at St. Mary's, Alverstoke. Lt.-Cdr. Godley is the elder son of Lord Kilbracken, C.B.

and cheered just as enthusiastically as any of those outside each time the King and Queen came on to the balcony. The Earl and Countess of Southesk were two I noticed standing in the forecourt, and among members of Their Majesties' Households were Sir Alan Lascelles, in civilian clothes, Sir Eric Mievile, in khaki, Major "Mike" Adeane, Lord Stamfordham's grandson, in Guards uniform (he has only recently returned to duty as Assistant Private Secretary after 5½ years with his regiment), Lady Nunburnholme, Lady Mary Herbert, Lady Helen Graham and Sir Piers Legh.

Her Majesty's brother, Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, her nephew, the young Master of Elphinstone—newly back, with Viscount Lascelles, from their German prison camp—the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone and her brother, Captain the

(Continued on page 234)



Lady Apsley, M.P. for Bristol (Central Division), is Hostess at a London Party

In Lady Apsley's dinner-party were Miss Sonia Graham, Mr. Michael Maclean and Lady Caroline Scott

Mr. Andrew Martin entertained Miss Lavender Scott-Robson and the Hon. Phillipa Bewicke-Copley, Lord and Lady Cromwell's only daughter

Also with Lady Apsley's party was Miss Rosemary Williams chatting with Earl Bathurst, who is Lady Apsley's elder son

Swabe

London Night Life



Viscount Ikerrin was dining with his mother, Lady Chesham. He is the only son of the Earl of Carrick



Lady de Clifford, with her two sons, the Hon. John and the Hon. William Russell, faces the camera with a smile



In Lady Grenfell's party were Major Berkley Stafford, K.R.R., and Major Desmond Cramzie, with Mrs. Sholto-Clark between them



Looking thoughtful: Miss Fiona Smith, Capt. Martin Gilliat, who is a cousin of Lady Sykes, and Lady Grenfell



Brig. Peter Sterling and the Marchioness of Hartington seem to have seen something amusing



Miss Elisabeth Leveson-Gower, who is the heir-presumptive to the Duchy of Sutherland, and Major F. Maclean were looking pleased with life



At a table for two were Col. David Stirling and the Countess of Ranfurly. She was Miss Hermione Llewellyn before her marriage

Cheerful Faces in Some of the Favourite Restaurants Around Town

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaabe

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Hon. Andrew Elphinstone, who had been with Their Majesties at a family victory dinner party in the Palace, also spent some time in the forecourt.

For Guy's Hospital

GUY'S HOSPITAL LADIES' ASSOCIATION raised the splendid sum of £700 by the bridge tournament organised by Lady Ebbisham and her committee on behalf of the Association. Although the tournament was held on a very warm afternoon, the 140 bridge tables that had been sold were all occupied. Lady Ebbisham, wearing a wine-red dress with a hat to match, had her husband playing at her table; Mrs. Washington Singer, the deputy chairman, had friends at two tables; the Countess of Middleton was a member of one foursome, Lady Coxon another. Others there were Mme. Phang,



Forgeron

A Difficult Job

Mrs. June de Trafford, who is the Chief Petrol Officer for the B.R.C.S. and O. St. J., has succeeded in accomplishing a most difficult task with both tact and efficiency. She is the daughter of the late Colonel Reginald Chaplin, and has a son of twenty in the R.N.V.R.



Brodrick Vernon

A Fair Despatch-Rider

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, who is the only daughter of the Countess of Cromartie, of Castle Leod, Ross-shire, is a despatch-rider for the Polish forces. After the capitulation of France she escaped with a contingent of Polish soldiers

Lady Bethell, Lady Hodder-Williams, Lady McLean, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Walter Griffiths, Lady Latta and Mrs. Robert Annan. Lady Plender took a table, but could not come as her husband had just had an operation; Lady Ley won a bed-jacket as prize for a "yarborough," and there was an auction at the end of the afternoon, when gifts of all kinds were sold. Cdr. Longden was a buyer; another was Lord Ebbisham, whose purchases included a pair of blankets made in Australia and given by Lady McCann, wife of the Agent-General for South Australia.

Victory Premiere

LONG evening-dresses and lovely jewels made their reappearance in a big way for the premiere of *Czarina* at the Odeon Theatre, which was given for the British Aid to China Fund. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the chairman of the premiere committee, led the way, wearing a long white evening-dress with a pale-blue sash and her wonderful diamond brooch; Mme. Massigli, the attractive tall wife of the French Ambassador, was in a long, printed dinner-dress with a silver-fox coat; Lady Iris O'Malley,



David Gurney

Late Ambassador's Niece

Miss Penelope Henderson is doing war work in London. She is the daughter of the late R. Evelyn and Mrs. Henderson, and a niece of the 1939 Ambassador to Berlin the late Sir Nevile Henderson

looking really lovely, reminded one of the days before even the first European War, as she wore pink ospreys in her fair hair, which was piled high in curls—a truly Edwardian fashion revival. Marie Countess of Willingdon arrived with her son, the Earl of Willingdon, and his wife; Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd was with her very tall husband, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P.; Lady Cunliffe-Owen was accompanied by Sir Hugo, and Doris Lady Orr-Lewis was looking nice in a short blue dress.

Reception

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS, who was assisted by her tall, good-looking husband, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, wearing a large white buttonhole for the occasion, and Mr. Arthur Rank, received many of the guests in the foyer before the film; amongst them the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Gousev, Sir Stafford Cripps and the Hon. Lady Cripps, who is president of the British Aid to China Fund; the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the Chinese Ambassador to the Netherlands, Sir Melville and

(Concluded on page 248)



VE-Night Celebrators Wine and Dine in London

S/Ldr. Cunningham Jardine and Mrs. Smyley, together with G/Capt. Munro Carr and Mrs. Hector MacLeod, were among the cheerful people celebrating peace in Europe on the night of May 8

A laughing trio round the dinner-table in one of the West End restaurants were Miss V. Churchill-Longman, who was sharing the victory spirit with W/Cdr. and Mrs. Anthony Dunkels



Lady Carlow with George and Lionel in the Garden

Good Companions



Willard's Farm, Dunsfold, Surrey

Lady Carlow and Her Sons at Their Surrey Home

● Lady Carlow is the widow of the late A/Cdre. Viscount Carlow, the Earl of Portarlington's son and heir, who was killed in action in April of last year. Her elder son, George, now Viscount Carlow, is seven years old, and his brother, the Hon. Lionel Dawson-Damer, two years younger. Lady Carlow, the former Peggy Cambie, is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Cambie. She leads a busy life looking after her two sons down at their picturesque home, Willard's Farm, Dunsfold, in Surrey

Photographs by Swaebe



Tricycle for Two



A Walk in the Sun



George and Lionel Go for a Ride



Bath-Time for the Boys

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER, as a gossip suggests, that ramping Gascon swashbuckler Marshal Bernadotte (Jean-Baptiste-Jules, better known to his many admirers as Charles XIV of Sweden) would have been highly pleased with the late diplomacy of his descendant the Red Cross Count we take leave to doubt, very politely. The Marshal himself would have galloped back in a few hours with Himmler tucked under his left arm.

As for his wife, charming little Désirée Clary, Queen of Sweden, she'd probably be too upset to care either way, we guess. Think of the feelings of a modest Marseilles girl faced with the daily thought picture of Swedish gentlemen being lathered and scrubbed in public bathhouses by buxom *froekens*. Oh, là, là, là! *Misère de nous! De la tenue, Messieurs!*

Only recently this quaint old Nordic custom ceased, a travelled chap assured us recently. One hardly knows which way to look.

Medico

HARLEY STREET, our spies report, is still all a-twitter over the capture on the eve of VE Day of Major Dr. Erwin Giesing, Physician-in-Chief to the late Fuehrer, a tough, thickset practitioner with no fewer than 22 duelling-scars adorning

his redoubtable pan. The technical view so far is that Dr. Giesing's professional opinion would always be worth listening to.

Most of the big shots of Harley Street do their fighting in their youth, with less harmful weapons than sabres, apparently. The crapulous student-years leave no scars, except on their souls, and you won't find a single broken nose or cauliflower-ear among the suave and cleanly pontiffs of the B.M.A. We asked a Harley Street friend if fights ever break out between rival specialists in their prosperous heyday. He said that when they do, the combatants fight it out on the spot with whatever weapons are handy, and the ailing duchess concerned is often sorely inconvenienced by having both specialists kneeling on her chest, for example, locked in a death-grapple, or by stopping a flying bronze nude by Clodion, or a massive silver toilet-set all over Cupids' heads, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

That could hardly happen in the case of Dr. Giesing, whose consultations are all swift and smooth, we guess.

"A double Rumbelgütz lesion."

"Just what I was going to say, Herr Doktor."



"For the benefit of those who missed the 6.15 to Upshot, here is a brief résumé of its progress so far..."

"Oh, you were? Well, it's a major fibrosis of Bünsen's Gland, see?"

"On the tip of my tongue, as a matter of fact."

"Oh, it was? Well, it's just a cold in the head."

"Precisely. Precisely."

Just a matter of the old graveside manner, our Harley Street friend explained.

Lapse

SCOURING certain BBC and Fleet Street boys for their alleged gloatings over the odious savagery of Mussolini's end at the hands of Communist thugs, several disgusted citizens appeared to assume that the Press boys are naturally sadistic. They're merely nervy and hyper-emotional.

If you'd brought them a tiny wounded bird or a little lost actress halfway through that witch-dance they'd have wept sincerely and forgotten everything else at once. We know and love the Fleet Street boys, and we're never without a little healing bromide in our reticule when we call on them for tea. As for some of the BBC boys, they're what the once-eminant Charcot would class as *grandes hystériques*, a condition due partly to fear, partly to frustration in love, and partly to those pitiless electric clocks, which terrify them so much that you often find a bunch of faded wild-flowers under a clock or two, placed there by an announcer, or a Talks don, maybe, to propitiate the machinery.

Up in the Louis Quinze Rest-Lounge on Deck H a team of nerve-specialists, a BBC boy tells us, is on duty night and day. We said: "You'd think it would drive them nuts." He said simply: "They are nuts."

Pet

EZRA POUND, the poet (as some hold), has been arrested in Italy, and will stand his trial in due course for broadcasting on the

(Concluded on page 238)



"I've just had the most amazing dream about India"

Six Young Painters

An Exhibition of Modern Art
at the Redfern Gallery



Adrian Ryan is one of the six young exhibitors whose paintings are on view at the Redfern Gallery. At the opening day he was apparently well prepared for adverse climatic conditions, and is seen standing beside one of his ten exhibits, "Flowers on a Chair." The exhibition closes on the 26th of this month.



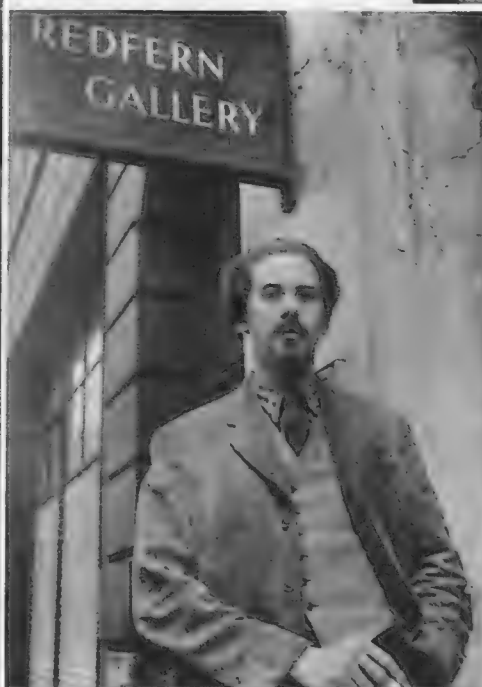
Leslie Hurry, whose recent drawings are also at the Redfern Gallery, was photographed talking to his friend Robert Helpmann, who has just returned from a successful tour of B.L.A. audiences in France, Holland and Belgium. Leslie Hurry designed the costume and stage sets for two of the most successful Sadler's Wells productions, "Hamlet" and "Swan Lake."

Photographs by
Brodrick Vernon



Right:

Alan Pinder, seen here with one of his paintings, has held several "one-man" shows in London, and in Paris before the war. He was awarded a medal by the Musée de Strasbourg in 1937, and last year became assistant stage manager to the Ballet Rambert Company. He is also attached to the exhibition section of C.E.M.A.



Basil Jonzen, another of the young exhibitors at the Redfern Gallery, holds the International Gold Medal of the Vienna Royal Academy. Both he and his wife, the clever young Swedish sculptress Karin Jonzen, are exhibiting at this year's Royal Academy. Basil Jonzen was formerly a camouflage expert in the Army, and took part in the Lofoten raid.

Kenneth Lawson is twenty-six, and does most of his work in a seventeenth-century farmhouse near Oxford. At the moment he is busy putting the finishing touches to the stage scenery he has painted for the new Vic Oliver revue "Night and the Music," which opens at the Coliseum on May 17.

Michael Ayrton, the well-known book illustrator and art critic, casts a discerning eye on the exhibits at the Redfern Gallery. He has recently been at work on the illustrations for three volumes, "The Duchess of Malfi," "Poems of Death" and an edition of Constant Lambert's "Summer's Last Will and Testament."

Standing By ...

(Continued)

late enemy's behalf. This is surely a warning to all poet-boys to stay in their ivory towers and keep their dainty prehensile snozzles out of public affairs?

Smart hostesses who keep poets as pets have often complained to us of their noseys habits. Not content with chandelier-swinging and poetry-recitals in the drawing-room, a poet will often mess round the servants' hall interfering with the parlour-maids' love-affairs and dictating menus to the chef. In households where a monkey is kept as well he may even quarrel jealously with this animal and contradict it on questions of taste and prosody:

A smart woman said to us peevishly last week, speaking of tame poets: "One can stand their lazy, dirty habits and the way they insult one's influential friends, but really, when it comes to making darling Toto's life a misery one has to draw the line." Our conversation continued:

"If you kept a big hairy ape instead there'd be no trouble. Poets are terrified of apes. Look at Shelley."

"Yes, I know, but the ape might start writing poetry and then there'd be hell all round."

"Apes' poetry isn't very good, so there'd be no real jealousy."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I doubt if an ape could get a bit of verse even into *The New Statesman*."

"Who told you that?"

Naturally we couldn't find an answer, and the matter dropped.

Gift

NOTING that the London Philharmonic Orchestra are going to perform in Bristol Cathedral in June, we happened to

pick up delightful Horace Walpole's *Letters*, one of our constant bed-books, a moment later and found him remarking in 1766, on his way to Bath, that Bristol Cathedral is very neat and has pretty tombs, also two painted-glass windows presented by (of all people) "Mrs. Ellen Gwyn."

Apart from this, Mr. Walpole didn't care much for Bristol, dismissing it as "the dirtiest great shop I ever saw," and deducing from the foulness of the Avon that the natives washed their shirts in it. But Mr. Walpole was a bit finicky, and maybe the bulgy paunches of the Bristol burghers, who were making whacking fortunes out of the slave, rum, and tobacco racket, offended his sense of decency. Nobody seems to have published any description of that presentation to the Cathedral by Nell Gwyn, which must have been an interesting unveiling if Britain's sweetheart did it in person, beaming blandly on Bishop, Dean, and Chapter. Whether Mrs. Gwyn would approve of the London Philharmonic boys fiddling under her precious windows is another matter. Probably not. She knew all about fiddlers—not to speak of woodwind—from the old Drury Lane days. Fie! Fie! The amorous rogues!

We hope we're not too strait-laced about all these Bohemians—art and music boys, poets, booksy boys, journalists, and so forth. We fear the war may have relaxed your attitude as cricket-fans towards them.



"I'm taking a poll for 'Women To-day'; whom would you prefer to be—Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Truman or Madam Stalin?"

Please, please, don't break your people's hearts.

Safeguard

HITLER's bookplate, the Americans discovered at Berchtesgaden, was "an eagle perching on an oak-leaf," with the usual inscription "*Ex libris Adolf Hitler*."

It seems a curiously modest bookplate for the world's late master, when you think of the florid crests and coats-of-arms, plain and coloured, and the complicated whimsy devices so many mild chaps paste in their books. Bookplates are supposed to prevent one's friends from robbing one, but we've never found any bookplate as good for this purpose as a timely sock on the jaw. History records one wealthy and eminent book-collector named Grolier who tried the Shaming or Tearful Process, using a bookplate inscribed: "*Io. Grolierii et Amicorum*"—"The property of J. Grolier and his Friends." The only result was that J. Grolier's friends pinched his books in tens instead of singly, laughing up their sleeves. Probably the best thing is not to have any friends.

As for the eagle on Hitler's bookplate, the Fuehrer was evidently fooled by the Nature boys. Eagles never perch on oak-leaves except when drunk, according to White of Selborne, if we remember rightly. Or maybe it was beagles.



"... the chief island pests are the mosquito, the scorpion and the snake—to which must be added a particularly revolting bit of work called Cyril Clarkson, from the Cromwell Road"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



East Burnham House Dates Back to 1773

Home in Buckinghamshire

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth at East Burnham House

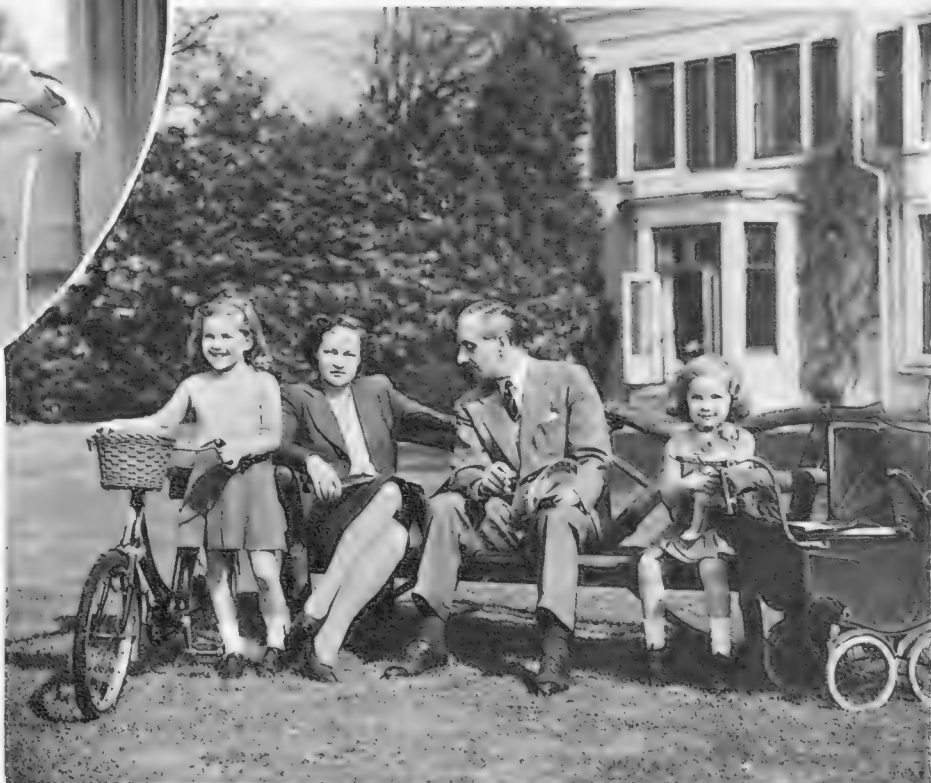


Talking Over a New Script

● Film-producer Harold Huth, whose latest picture for Gainsborough Studios, *They Were Sisters*, is being presented in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Royal and Merchant Navies at the Gaumont Theatre to-night, lives with his wife and two daughters in a lovely eighteenth-century house on the edge of Burnham Beeches. East Burnham House was built in 1773 for dramatist Richard Sheridan and his bride, and later was the home of Jennie Lee. Mendelssohn is reputed to have written several of his famous compositions in the music room there. Mrs. Huth is the former Lady Hindlip, and the daughter of the late Mr. Harold Nickols.



Mr. and Mrs. Huth At the French Windows



Angela, aged 6½, is a keen bicyclist, but Priscilla, who is eighteen months younger, prefers giving her dolls a ride

Royal Academy



Pauline : A Venetian Souvenir
by James Gunn



Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra
by W. Russell Flint, R.A.



Connemara
by W. G. de Glehn, R.A.



The Clef
by A. R. Thomson, R.A.



Mr. Herbert
by Harry Rutherford

A Variety of Pictures
Exhibited at the Galleries
of Burlington House



Ascot Finery
by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.



Sir Robert Bignold, D.L., J.P.
by David Jagger

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The Little Ships
by Norman Wilkinson



Isabel Begins Her Day
by Harold Williamson



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Farmer-Scientist

Dr. R. E. Slade, I.C.I., Controller
of Research, is a Keen Farmer

Dr. R. E. Slade has been in charge of I.C.I. research since 1935, and has been much in the public eye recently in connection with announcements of I.C.I. triumphs in the synthetic manufacture of aviation spirit. Educated at Manchester University, where he was a contemporary of Professor Sir Robert Robinson, Professor T. G. B. Osborn, of Oxford, and Lord Woolton, Dr. Slade was at one time lecturer in physical chemistry, first at the University of Liverpool and then at University College. He served in World War I. in the Royal Engineers (Special Brigade), reaching the rank of Captain and being awarded the M.C. Dr. Slade lives at Sawbridgeworth, in Hertfordshire. His hobby is farming, and at his farm, Tednambury, many of his original ideas are tried out

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Puzzle Corner

Most people know who the Seven Men of Moidart were, but who were the two men of Drogheda Bay? There seems so much doubt as to the whereabouts of one gentleman in particular, that, naturally, this arrival in a "neutral" country has excited quite a lot of curiosity.

E. and O.E.

PERHAPS when the various tributes were being paid upon the success of the greatest operations in all history, it might have been as well to preface the list with these letters. The Empire deserved to be very high on the toast list. Our perspicacious friend, the *Daily Mirror*, tactfully reminds us of this fact in these few words: "... unforgettable is the sacrifice of the men and women of the British Empire overseas. In April Mr. Churchill revealed the toll of the war. Of our 306,000 dead, 90,000 were men from overseas—men from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and the Colonies. Of the 422,000 wounded 167,000 are citizens of the Empire. In personal losses the Empire has borne half the tragic burden." Canada rushed to our assistance when all the world said that we were lost; Australia, New Zealand, India and the Colonies followed quickly. They stood by determined that this land should not perish. The *Daily Mirror* also reminds us of three other missing words. They are Dowding, who commanded at the Battle of Britain; Gort, who was one of the first men in; and Wavell, who stood in the breach in North Africa with a handful against a host—"noble stewards of our traditions and brave skill." This is very well said.

The Two Guineas

It has often been said that to be a first-class detective you should invariably discard the obvious. The obvious, where these first two

classics of 1945 are concerned, is that Sun Stream is anything from 8 lb. to 10 lb. upwards better over a mile than any of her sisters, and that Dante and Court Martial are practically one and the same animal. Ladies first: Mrs. Feather, a recent winner of the 1 mile Southern Stakes, beating Grandmaster, the Free Handicap winner, a neck, was five lengths behind Sun Stream, Blue Smoke, beaten two lengths, intervening. As Sun Stream won without having to be asked to gallop, and went through the whole lot of them like a red-hot knife through a pat of butter, what more is there to say? We need not worry about the time, 1 min. 45 2-5th sec. (Bunbury Course record, 1 min. 37 2-5th sec.), because it does not come in. The fact that is paramount is that Sun Stream played the cat and banjo with the whole lot of them. When Exotic, getting 4 lb., beat her two lengths in the 7 furlongs Upwell Stakes on April 24th, it was suggested that Sun Stream did not put it all in. I do not concur, and I am content to believe that she is perfectly honest until we have convincing proof to the contrary. It was not her distance, and some of us even believed that a mile was hardly far enough for her. At the end of last season it was said in these notes that only one prediction would be hazarded, namely, that Sun Stream would win the Leger. This is still my firm opinion. In a recent note I said that she "may win the Oaks." After this recent squandering defeat of the best on offer this is probably unjust! I now think that she will be very unlucky if she does not!

Problem

As to the Two Thousand, the result, as has been said, made Court Martial and Dante virtually one and the same thing. The official verdict was a neck: many people would not have been surprised if the judge had said even less. But then, what anyone not in the box may think is never worth a row of

pins. Court Martial was just, and only just, leading into The Dip: then Dante came at him and I thought headed him: then Court Martial hit back: the pair were line abreast. Would Dante have won if Nevett had gone straight through with him from that fine break he got at the start? I expect that our friend, Mr. Phil Bull, believes that he would. I wonder! We know that he is lazy, and has ideas of his own as to when he has done enough work, and so we cannot tell. Is Lord Astor now going to change his mind about running his beautiful colt Court Martial in the Derby? If it is still believed that Dante can win the Derby, as it seems that it is by some people, then why not Court Martial? I take no notice of High Peak's backward position in the Guineas: I am content to believe that he ran quite honestly, and that we need not take too much notice of what some people say about his not very attractive eye. It is just as much the mirror of the soul in horses

(Concluded on page 244)



D. R. Stuart

Cricketer and His Dog

F/O. Bob Wyatt (right), who is the old England captain, has recently bought a new red setter called Rowena. He was introducing her to S/Ldr. Edrich when this photograph was taken



Northamptonshire v. the R.A.F. at Spinney Hill, Northampton

Northamptonshire were the first county to play a representative match this season. They drew with the R.A.F., scoring 122 for five wickets. Sitting: R. J. Partridge, J. Webster, P. E. Murray Willis (captain), D. Brookes, J. E. Timms. Standing: C. Woolley, M. Simlett, H. Talbot, A. L. Cox, F. S. Quest, C. W. Couch, M. A. Crouch, F. T. Badcock, H. Scott



D. R. Stuart

W/Cdr. W. Shakespeare, R.A.F. XI. organiser for 1945, who is also one of the selectors for the Test Matches against Australia, is seen congratulating S/Ldr. P. A. Mackenzie on making 103 not out



Lord Derby's Sun Stream Wins the 1,000 Guineas from Blue Smoke at Newmarket

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

as it is in humans. Another thing that is evident is that Royal Charger, a close second to High Peak in the Chatteris Stakes, is a lot better than we thought he might be. He is another Nearco, and we have yet to find out whether any of the breed can win a Derby. High Peak beat him easily, even though the verdict was only three-quarters of a length. High Peak was my young friend "The Hoplite's" Derby selection long before the fighting in Italy had stopped. He is most probably a good prophet, but I think we will wait and see a bit longer. This colt moves as a stayer should, but he is not so all-round good-looking as Sun Stream.



Johnson, Oxford

Soldier and Sportsman Marries

Brig-Gen. C. R. P. Winser, D.S.O., of Dean Buildings, Chipping Norton, married Miss Brammer, of Oxford, daughter of the late Major-Gen. Brammer, of the Danish Army. Brig-Gen. Winser is well known in sporting circles as a racehorse trainer

Fröhlich!

"Joyous"—Joyce—German joke—Ha-Ha—Haw Haw! Wilhelm, wo ist du? And where are your friends Jack Trevor, an English actor, and Baillie-Stewart, formerly Seaforth Highlanders, cashiered after his sentence and imprisonment in the Tower for betraying military secrets to a foreign Power, to wit, Germany? Joyce was born in New York in 1906 of Irish parents; in 1933 he entered Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists, and for three years he was Sir Oswald Mosley's Propaganda chief. He quitted the British Fascists in 1937, and started his own National Socialist League. Twice during 1938 he was arrested on charges of assault and disturbing

the peace. On August 25th, 1939, he and his wife fled to Germany to assist that country in "the sacred struggle to free the world"—Joyce's own words. We were at one time familiar with this person's unpleasant nasal drawl: his appearance is no pleasanter; he is podgy and clumsily built, about 5 ft. 9 in., and his face is much scarred as a result of Fascist brawls in England; but for this, since

he speaks fair German, the scars might pass for those cultivated by German students, proud records of their encounters in duels with that two-edged and whippy weapon of which they are so fond. Joyce claims to be a German and, therefore, no traitor. In 1937-38 he was not a German subject. Neither Baillie-Stewart nor Jack Trevor, so far, has ever put forward claims to be German citizens.



VE-Plus "Guineas" Day at Newmarket: by "The Tout"

The Hon. W. W. Astor, M.P., and his brother, "J.J.," have each a quarter share in their father, Lord Astor's Court Martial, who defeated Dante in the Two Thousand on the day "The Tout" made these sketches. In spite of excuses for the favourite, Court Martial was always holding Dante in the final stages of the race, and according to present arrangements will carry the Astor colours in the Derby next month, when perhaps the luck in the Blue Riband may change for the better at last. H.H. Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, who with his jockey, Edgar Britt, has just arrived from India, ran Gaekwar's Pride in the "Guineas" and trains with F. Armstrong. Capt. Edgar Britt is leading jockey in Bombay and hopes to ride here this season. Col. "Jock" Whitney was at Newmarket, where his very good four-year-old John Peel won the Royston Handicap. As he is in Boyd Rochfort's stable, John Peel will be a useful schoolmaster for His Majesty's Derby colt Rising Light. Major Durham Matthews won the Wisbech Handicap with Peace Envoy, ridden by Gordon Richards

Four Days at the Royal Dublin Horse Show



Major Michael W. Beaumont, the Master of the Bicester Hounds, was with his sister-in-law, Lady Davis-Goff



Lady Oranmore and Browne posed with her daughter, Tess Kindersley, who won the Children's Championship Jumping Competition



Mrs. O'Connor, who was previously married to the late Viscount Gormanston, was there with her husband, Mr. Maurice O'Connor



The Hon. Patricia Browne and Miss Doushka Rea took an afternoon off from College lectures to watch the jumping



Miss Vanessa and Master Nigel Corbally-Stourton, on Ladybird and Mickey Mouse, were competitors in the Children's Riding Class



Capt. the Hon. William French, who is an uncle of Lord De Freyne, took his youngest daughter, Cecily, to the show



The new French Minister for Eire, M. Jean Riviere, was there with his wife and two little daughters, Marie Eglie and Marie Amelie



Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, who is president of the Irish Aberdeen Angus Association, escorted Viscountess Powerscourt

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Leisure

"**FOUR VICTORIAN LADIES OF WILTSHIRE**," by Edith Olivier (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.), has a prefatory essay: "Those Leisured Ladies."

Victorian Ladies [says Miss Olivier] would have been astounded to learn that the most advanced modern educationists consider what they look upon as the "discovery of leisure" as the opening of a new and critical adventure for the human race, and one which demands a lengthy apprenticeship. These clever people are obsessed by their consciousness of the difficult and delicate problem which faces them. It is their task to teach the young how safely they had better approach this strange and restive beast called Leisure, with its completely unaccountable habits; for in this generation there are few who know from personal experience what it might do to its victims. Yet, if the moderns were only aware of it, the most fearless teachers of the dreaded sport would be their own grandmothers and great-grandmothers, though those ladies might wonder why so much fuss should be made over anything so everyday. They always had leisure enough and to spare, and no one ever taught them how to use it. That idea would have seemed to them as ridiculous as "taking lessons" in the art of holding a tiny hinged and frilled parasol at the best angle to keep the sun off the face; or of laboriously learning rhythmically to sway an enormous fan in order to cool the air. For Victorian Ladies such things were instinctive. Leisure was the substance of their lives, and upon this firm and unchanging foundation they embroidered their own particular pattern.

Always I find it difficult to resist either the charm of a picture or the persuasiveness of an argument, and at the first reading I acquiesced wholly with what Miss Olivier says. After a second reading, I feel not so much tempted as bidden to raise one or two points. I cannot feel it necessary that I should take up arms on behalf of "advanced modern educationists"; but I do feel that, among their somewhat confused ranks, there may be some who are not such fools as they seem. To instruct, in the classroom, in the uses of leisure would indeed be manifestly absurd. But we agree that, under adverse conditions, certain human faculties can atrophy, and that, equally, given the proper stimuli, atrophied faculties can be revived. Our faculty for leisure certainly has atrophied—does the idea of reviving it make nonsense? Whatever we let go *now* will be, for our great-grandchildren, lost for ever.

The faculty for leisure, in itself, was a prime inherited blessing of gentle birth and secure position. In a certain number of us, therefore, it is latent. But the less foolish educationist also, I think, feels that it may be both possible and

desirable to inculcate at least a *feeling* for leisure (from which, in time, may follow the genuine faculty) in those who have not had it before. Progress, whether we like it or not, is marching on: labour-saving devices and shortened working hours are shortly to confront thousands of people with the possibly threatening and negative factor of "spare time." If they do not learn how to love this, and how to *live* this, they will be at the brink of a gulf of neurotic misery out of which who knows what future monster evils may come.

Models

THE great point about leisure is that it is an end in itself. What one does in or does with one's leisure hours should, and must, be done for its own sake. I detest and suspect all instigations to use one's leisure for self-improvement. If one likes to lie on the grass and stare at the sky, or to lie on the hearthrug and stare at the firelight on the ceiling—*tant mieux*. Those who prefer to garden or to read Shakespeare are, let us say, as happily constituted as, but are not necessarily superior to, the day-dreamer on the lawn or the rug. The great thing is to know what one likes to do, to do it, and, above all, not to be apologetic about doing it. One of the dreariest symptoms of our age is the person who says, with a deprecating and even abject smile: "I'm afraid what I enjoy most is just wasting



Brodrick Vernon
Rodrigo Moynihan, A.R.A., and his handsome, dark-haired artist wife, Elinor Bellingham-Smith, are making their temporary headquarters in a house overlooking the Grand Union Canal in that artists' community known as "Little Venice." Mr. Moynihan's striking portrait of Miss K. L. Borne, O.B.E., Matron of the Papworth Village Settlement, is a notable exhibit in this year's Academy at Burlington House

time." How can time enjoyably spent be wasted?

Certainly, these days we lack confidence in our tastes; and, if it happens that we do come of a class with which the *idea* of leisure is a birthright, we show signs of failing in our vocation. One last point on which I question Miss Olivier—surely Victorian ladies *did* in a sense learn leisure? They learned at once its arts and its possibilities in and from the world in which they were happy enough to grow up. Little girls must have learned from their mothers as kittens learn from cats—the tilt of the parasol, the movement of the fan were not less closely, for being quite unconsciously, studied. How does the kitten learn? It copies the cat.

Individuality

MISS OLIVIER's four Victorian Ladies are all, and each in her own way, originals. Miss Annie Moberly (first Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford), Mrs. Alfred Morrison (eccentric, brilliant and gifted hostess, collector and patroness of the arts), Miss Barbara Townsend (enchanted young girl, then enchanted spinster, of Salisbury Close), and Mrs. Percy Wyndham, whose lovely existence at Clouds adds appropriateness to her house's name—none of these have prototypes. They had no need to be extraordinary, and they were not extraordinary: simply, they were individuals. For the great merit of the Victorian Age was that in it no one (or, at least, no one with the background of birth and culture shared by these four ladies) was mass-produced. Conventions were not, as we

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IN spite of the accepted notion, I believe that the knock-out blow of

Age hits a man more mortally than ever it does a woman—especially if she be married. With a man it usually descends like some Sword of Damocles, the plain fact being that he is now too old for his job. There is no arguing with Age then—he can only retire gracefully with or without the consolation of a ponderous Presentation Clock.

No wonder men die off much quicker than women. So long as she can still use her legs, a woman remains Queen of the Kingdom she has founded and ruled throughout most of her life. Too old for work, a man loses his background. He has to seek refuge in a region which he may long ago have helped to found but long since has ceased to rule. And if he doubts that claim, only let him drop cigarette-ash on the carpet, put his feet up on a drawing-room chair or upset the daily routine by staying in bed without actually being on the point of death.

The world he has known most intimately, the world around which he has built his life, has vanished into the void of Things Past. What remains of it, though, he may find it familiar, rarely proffers him familiarity. He just has little or nothing to do; and a man who has little or nothing to do usually finds a complaint to keep him occupied. Otherwise his presence in the home is accepted, though rarely with actual thanksgiving. He knows this and is humble. When, to be a credit to his wife, he puts on an Eden hat, kid gloves and overcoat, even on the mildest day, to take a little stroll with her, he invariably walks about six inches in the rear. You can see him thus dawdling along in

hundreds, and nearly always he looks as if he were dead from the neck

up. His wife, on the other hand, is quite complaisantly alive. So long as she can order dinner, abuse the fishmonger, gossip with and about all the neighbours she has known for years, her kingdom is inviolate. Years ago it was, of course, a tragic wrench to lose her glamour, but she got over it. And a husband, dead or alive, remains proof of it. Otherwise, her life presents no definite retiring age. There is always dinner to-morrow and dust to-day.

Just because, being a woman, she has always taken more interest in People than in Things, people, like the poor, are always with her and need little mental quickness. The small trumperies of daily life enthrall her still. Her old husband may sit in his arm-chair and view with an ever-rising temperature the latest mess the outside world is getting itself into, but, so far as she is concerned, the most urgent necessity is a new carpet in the back bed-room. Unlike a man, Old Age isn't shot at her as from a cannon's mouth. She just sinks into it, like snuggling down in bed. Her daily life hasn't changed a whit. Otherwise, how account for so many placid faces among Old Ladies, and the countenances of so many Old Gentlemen looking just about as cheerful as ferro-concrete after rain? The need no longer to catch the 8.45 is a symbol of tragedy in an old man's life; it is merely the symbol of having "Dear Alfred" everlastingly about the house—more a vexation than a tragedy—in hers. And often the face of "Dear Alfred" reveals to all the world that he knows it!

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

H.Q. Staff of a R.A.F. Station, T.T. Command

Front row: W/Cdrs. P. H. Perkins, W. J. H. Cann, J. E. Tyrrell, G/Capt. C. H. Moore, Air/Cdre. D. W. Clappen, W/Cdrs. W. H. Conder, H. P. Bridges, W. T. Matthews, Sq/O. M. G. S. Ramsay. Second row: S/Ldr. R. S. L. Harvey, S/O. P. E. Stoneham, F/Lt. E. C. Coleridge, S/O. E. M. Sponar, Major B. J. Hickey, S/O. D. I. Dyne, S/Ldr. J. B. Birkhead, S/O. G. A. Croucher, F/Lt. C. C. Ingleson. Third row: F/Lt. T. C. Smith, F/Lt. G. A. Gilbert, S/O. M. E. Manchester, F/Lt. G. I. Thomas, F/O. C. C. Boyce. Back row: F/Lt. F. Eade.



D. R. Stuart

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Swaabe

Officers of the Australian Imperial Forces

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Greville, Watford

Instructors and Students of A.A. Command Staff School

Front row: Capt. A. E. Smith, M.C., M.M., Sub. E. N. Capps, Major J. V. Shelby, Gen. Sir F. A. Pile, Bt., G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Col. P. G. M. Elles, O.B.E., M.C., Major J. M. Marshall, Major J. C. Sanderson, Capt. G. H. Kirby-Smith. Middle row: Lts. J. H. A. Gibson, W. J. Dawson, A. E. Reed, E. C. Manning, R. A. Lansley, C. R. H. Tierney, W. C. Durnall. Back row: Lts. J. M. Thomas, L. [F. Burstow, T. K. Williamson, C. L. Barton, C. P. Thompson, S. Waddington.



T. Renshaw

Col. J. M. West With Officers at a North-West Infantry N.C.O.s' School

Front row: Capt. T. M. Bosworthick, J. Walliker, M.C., H. W. Bond, Majors J. B. Mansell, M.C., J. Ewan, W. H. Blake, R. V. L. Hutchings, M.C., Col. J. M. West, T.D., Majors S. P. Osmond, W. T. Woodruffe, M.C., G. J. Johnson, Capt. W. H. Pearson, G. Hofman, G. S. L. Griffiths, S. Metcalfe. Middle row: Lts. A. S. L. James, V. C. Cobley, B.E.M., E. H. Slaymaker, A. J. C. Howard, M. D. Hutchison, Capt. J. Abson, J. P. Nash, E. Horrocks, C. V. Creffield, B. Lea, Lts. F. W. Littlejohn, E. T. Hopwood, R. A. Williams, D. J. Snoxhill, T. H. Williams. Back row: Lts. B. J. Hargreaves, D. C. Humphreys, D. G. H. Hume, E. Fairhurst, J. W. Lewis, T. B. Clarke, L. Cole, G. H. Edwards, K. C. Clarke, W. H. Ibbitson, R. H. MacGregor, B. M. Moffat, Capt. H. Coleman, Lt. A. H. Roos.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 234)

Lady Ward, Sir John and Lady Latta, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Mme. Phang, Viscount Bridgeman, in uniform, the Earl of Drogheda, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellows, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Rank, Mr. Noel Coward, Nina Countess Granville, Viscount Samuel, Lady Egerton and Sir Frank Sanderson.

Tribute to Chairman

AFTER the wonderful news pictures of the German Generals surrendering to Field-Marshal Montgomery had been shown, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys went on the stage and made a short speech, thanking everyone for coming and supporting her appeal to help China, and said how once again Mr. Arthur Rank had shown his great generosity by giving the theatre and the film and defraying all the expenses of the evening, and had just given her another £500 to swell the fund. She was followed by Lord Clarendon, who, as honorary treasurer of the premiere, announced that they had raised the magnificent sum of £400 by this premiere: he said that in London alone £33,000 had been raised for the Aid to China Fund, of which Lady Dalrymple-Champneys has contributed one-third, her marvellous work representing the greatest single effort to help China.

Flying Visit

LADY KILLEARN, the pretty, dark-eyed young wife of our Ambassador in Cairo, has made what was literally a flying visit to England, for she came over by air and went back by air, in time to be hostess to Mrs. Churchill in Cairo on her return journey from Moscow. Lady Killearn came to England with a dual purpose: to see her mother, Lady Castellani, who had been ill and whom she had not seen for six years, and to get first-hand knowledge of the work of the Red Cross, and of the general war work being done by the women's Services, so that she could take back news for the women of Egypt, who are so keenly interested in these things. While she was here, she was also busy with meetings in connection with the scheme for an El Alamein memorial in London, given by Egyptians, which is to take the form of a club in perpetuity for Service and ex-Service men.

Cocktail-Party

IT was a good idea for Mrs. Geoffrey Grenfell and her former husband, Lord Carnarvon, to give a cocktail-party to celebrate the marriage of their daughter, Penelope, to Mr. Gerrit van der Woude, for as it took place at Highclere last month many of their friends were unable to be present. The racing world was largely represented, and among many well-known Newmarket personalities I saw Lady Evelyn Beauchamp (with her husband and daughter), Lady Stanley and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Tufton. The Duke of Marlborough was there; Lord Dudley, the Hon. James de Rothschild, the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, and Lady Queensberry, who had the tiniest little black fez sparkling in red and green sequins. The groom's mother, Mrs. Van der Woude, had chosen ostrich feathers and her hat was a mass of white ones; Mrs. Grenfell looked quite charming in white and black, and Lady Penelope van der Woude very gay and happy. Her groom, who is in the Grenadier Guards, stood with her, and not far away was Lord Porchester, the bride's brother, who is in the Blues.

At Film Premiere

Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, M.P., and his wife, Lady Patricia, were both at the premiere of "Czarina," the new Ernst Lubitsch comedy about the notorious Catherine of Russia. Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd is a daughter of the Earl of Iveagh



A VE-Day Christening

The infant son of Capt. the Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P., The Rifle Brigade, and the Hon. Mrs. Hogg was christened in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons on Tuesday, May 8. Viscount Hinchingsbrooke, M.P., was one of the godparents

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

tend to see them now, purely inhibiting and restrictive; they had a high function; they at once guarded and furthered (as might the panes of a glasshouse) the free, strong and delicate growth of each separate plant. Yes, individuality—as opposed to aggressive individuality—was the merit of the Victorian Age. And, as a study of individuality—its essence and its delightful play—I cannot enough praise *Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire*.

Miss Moberly, with her austere clerical and academic upbringing, her psychic gifts, her interesting if unofficial heredity, her nobility and her shyness, was the only one of these ladies who had, in the modern sense, a career. She shunned, and would have deprecated, the connection of her name with the great Versailles ghost story—Miss Moberly was one of the two Englishwomen of *An Adventure*; it was she who, anonymously, wrote the book. As a pioneer in women's University life, she was as modest as she was inevitably authoritative. Mrs. Alfred Morrison, in all the radiant finery of a girl bride, was found by her brother reading the Burial Service: Miss Olivier shows her to have, in many ways, affinities with the eighteenth century, but that bridal scene is somehow Elizabethan. Generosity and impatience kept, throughout the long, brilliant years, an interesting balance in her nature. Miss Barbara Townsend's ninety years of life, in the "placid yet startling beauty" of Salisbury Close, passed (and passed, perhaps, like a dream) in the ceaseless, rapturous production of water-colour paintings—stars behind Salisbury spire were a recurrent theme; and Miss Townsend's life is the only one in the book that is, to me, just a little frightening. Mrs. Percy Wyndham is Miss Olivier's masterpiece: this last study captures adorable qualities that could easily for ever elude the pen.

Defeat

"ENDURE NO LONGER," by Martha Albrand (Chatto and Windus; 9s. 6d.), is a lightly-written but wise and serious novel about Germany: I very much recommend you to read it now. The "lightness" that I praise in the writing is a matter of style, skill and control—most of our novels about Germany tend (because of their "problem" subject) to be didactic and over-analytical. *Endure No Longer* is, in the long run, made more rather than less effective by the quickness of the action and dialogue, the attractiveness of one or two of the characters, and the vividness of the scenes. Best of all, we are left to draw our own conclusions.

Frederica von Storm, the heroine, comes of a Junker family. Independent, temperamental and incapable of being dictated to in matters of judgment, she is, from the Prussian militarist point of view of her relations, a problem child. When we first see her, in 1914, she is four years old—sent riding off into the dark night on her pony, with her home and all she remembers in flames behind her, as the Russians advance into East Prussia. When we last see her, in June 1932, she is driving alone in her little car away out of Germany, for ever: this time she leaves behind her the ruins of her personal happiness, a family gained by the poison of Nazism and a Berlin thundering with processions, teeming with uniforms, bristling with swastikas. *Endure No Longer* has pictured the intervening years: through Frederica's eyes we have seen Germany, from the first months of the 1914 war to the overt rise of the National Socialist Party. Frederica is very much more than a lay figure, constructed in order to show the repercussions of history; she lives, moves and breathes, and shows a most human wish (of which, in those same years, we were not guiltless ourselves) to ignore the ugly threats of events round her and concentrate on her personal hopes of happiness.

Here, then, we are shown a Germany in defeat, and, particularly, the effects of defeat on the class Frederica's family represents. Frederica's early hero-worship for her officer father gives place to an agonised disillusionment as she watches the decay of Major von Storm—into a morose dreamer, a fanatical good-for-nothing, a parasite on his wife's merchant-class parents—whom, because of his upbringing, he despises. Frederica, her own character moulded on what she took to be her father's ideals, is correspondingly humiliated by his cynicism: she runs away from home to make her own living in the hectic Berlin of the 1920's.

The novel has a large cast of characters, of which all, like Frederica, are human beings. Her fine old merchant grandfather, Max von Hille, dies (ruined) in time to escape Nazism; all the others, through a variety of personal weaknesses, or due to an inner vacuum, succumb.

Ingenuity

IN Gordon Glennon's dramatised version of *Emma*, now published by Messrs. Macmillan at 5s., I can find little to praise except ingenuity—or, should I say, adroitness? Different scenes from the novel have been skilfully interleaved into the three acts; and this dramatised version does retain, certainly, the vivacity that Jane Austen would have desired. But in order to make a form for the play, the psychological structure of the novel has been ruthlessly broken down, and it is exactly that structure that makes *Emma* one of the finest novels in the English language. Key remarks—such as Emma's famous snub to Miss Bates—are taken out of their contexts; and Jane Austen's beautiful, subtle timing of each event has been sacrificed. In the same way, the characterisation suffers—I find it hard to forgive Mr. Glennon for turning Mr. Woodhouse into a sort of Mr. Pickwick, for making genial Mr. Weston a pallid ghost and Mrs. Weston (that model of taste and feeling), at times, a vulgar snake in the grass. Emma Woodhouse weeping over Miss Bates's bosom was as thinkable, to me, as Mr. Woodhouse's giving a ball at Hartfield. There being only one "set" throughout proves a fatal economy. In the novel, events gain importance and meaning from their locale—one cannot compress all the action into the Hartfield parlour.

BENTLEY

Announcement

THE manufacture of Bentley cars will be resumed immediately conditions permit.

There will be no radical change in the appearance of the new models but they will embody valuable additions to their recognised pre-war excellence.

Further details, together with information concerning deliveries and prices, will be announced later.



The Silent Sports Car

Clothes, Coupons and Confidence

Rationing has compelled men to take the long view. Before parting with 26 precious coupons you weigh the transaction in terms of service, of quality and of personal distinction.

Wisdom prompts you to buy from Bernard Weatherill. For, after all, personality is a valuable asset worthy of the faultless cut, exclusive materials and fine workmanship of Bernard Weatherill clothes, particularly as the price is no more than you are accustomed to pay.



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and at Aldershot, Richmond (Yorks.) and Harrogate



The Horn of Triumph

The musical instrument known as the Hirlas Horn, is famous in Welsh history for the double purpose it served. After a victorious battle it was the custom to fill the horn with "metheglin", a kind of spiced mead, drink it at one draught and then blow a triumphant blast to show that the horn had been emptied of liquor.

The scene depicted is that of the great banquet given at Carew Castle, Pembrokeshire, to celebrate the bestowal of the Order of the Garter by Henry VII on Sir Rhys ap Thomas after the victory at Bosworth.

Doubtless the bards recited the ancient poem (about 1160 A.D.) of Owen Cyfeiliog, Prince of Powys.

"Pride of feasts profound and blue
Of the ninth wave's azure hue
The drink of heroes famed to hold
With art enriched and lid of gold
Fill the horn with foaming liquor
Fill it up my boy, be quicker
Hence away despair and sorrow
Time enough to sigh tomorrow."*

* The word Hirlas means "Long blue"
from Hir-long and glas-blue.

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Table Waters

famous since 1790

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product
—but Schwepes quality will return

Designers' Artistry

by Jean Lorimer



Chosen from the first co-ordinated collection of London's most famous Millinery Designers, these three lovely creations were photographed in the Model Millinery Salon of Harrods. The Collection, produced with the blessing of the Department of Overseas Trade and intended primarily for export, has created tremendous interest in this country and a few of the models are being sold here

Photographs by Dormer Cole



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They're Smart
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In a good range of colours.

Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at
Dicks, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone,
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Good Health

to all who made Victory possible.
How we wish we could offer them
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Pink Powders make you prettier

The most romantic colour in the world; the cleverest way to achieve the new look of elegance — so Elizabeth Arden creates an exquisite new powder for you, Rose Mist. Wear it to enhance the inherent beauty of your colouring, to give a delicate pearly look that is enchanting, indescribable, Wear it because it brings to your skin the clear translucence of youth. If your complexion appears toneless, try Lysetta powder; see how it blends away fatigue lines; how softly radiant is the effect. Use these powders over one of Elizabeth Arden's tinted foundations to make you look younger, lovelier, more vital, in a new, natural way.

Ardena Powder 12/6, 20/9 Powder Refills 15/9
In limited supply.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"AN Australian, whose wife died in childbirth, lived with his son on a distant ranch, solely in male company, and breeding only horses. When the boy was twenty-one, he sent him to Sydney in the hopes that he would become engaged and get married. In due course this happened, the boy and his wife returning to the ranch, whereupon the father took a holiday. When he returned after six months, he asked his son how he had got on, and the boy told him that it was the finest time he had had for horses since he could remember. When asked how his wife was, the boy replied: 'Just after you left, dad, she fell down stairs and broke her leg, so we had to shoot her.'"

AN old actor residing in a lunatic asylum was very fond of reading. So fond, in fact, that the librarian there could not keep pace with his demand for books. He would take a couple in the morning, stroll back with them in the afternoon, depart with a couple more, only to bring these back for further literature in the evening.

At last, to give himself a little peace from this nuisance, the librarian gave him a London telephone directory, thinking that as the old actor didn't really know what he was reading anyway, he might not notice that it was not fiction.

The next morning the librarian met the actor in the grounds taking a walk. The latter greeted him: "Laddie, I've not finished the play you gave me yet, but boy, what a cast!"

TWO American soldiers who had just arrived in this country found our telephone boxes somewhat confusing. One of them was trying to make a call.

After manoeuvring with buttons A-B and dialling the operator, he had just pressed one of the buttons when a V2 exploded nearby. Stumbling out on his knees and covered with dust, he found his friend flat on the pavement, somewhat damaged. He said: "Honest, Joe, all I did was press button A."

THE second act had come to an end and the curtain had fallen. Suddenly those near the stage became conscious of a stir and hurrying behind the scenes. A faint smell began to pervade the atmosphere; smoke came from the wings.

In an instant the same thought struck everyone and the same word left every lip: "Fire!"

A stampede seemed imminent. Then the hero of the hour rose from his seat in the stalls.

"Keep your seats!" he ordered.

His words and manner reassured the terror-stricken people in the theatre. Shamefacedly, they sank back one by one into their seats.

Slowly, as if about to speak the man strode to where there was now an open avenue of exit. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed for the door.

Once outside, he mopped his forehead and murmured, breathlessly: "Well, someone's saved, anyway."

SMITH bought a parrot which he was assured was a good talker and would learn to repeat everything spoken in its hearing. A month later, however, he returned to the shop with the bird.

"What's the matter with the parrot?" asked the dealer.

"W-w-why," replied Smith, "the d-d-darn b-b-bird s-s-stutters!"



While Parents Sleep, at the Whitehall Theatre, revives Anthony Kimmins' comedy of 1932. Phyllis Dixey, taking the evenings off from her own show "Peek-a-Boo" which has already been running for some months at the same theatre, plays the principal part of Lady Cattering. With an admiring audience made up of Neville Hammond (John Nicolson) and Jerry (Derek Blomfield) she sings the words of a song written by the author and Robin Rodger: "If you weren't meant to cure my heart of discontent, why was I introduced to you?" The play is produced by Geoffrey Wardwell

THIS one is from America:—

Announcements made to naval personnel over public-address systems customarily begin with "Attention, all hands!" and conclude with "That is all."

Sailors attending to their duties at an eastern naval air station were startled recently by the following announcement:—

"Attention, all hands! The Waves will report this afternoon on the drill field for inspection at 14 o'clock. The Waves will wear hats and ties. That is all."

THE GALA GALLERY OF GRACE AND GAIETY



'BLIND MAN'S BUFF'

Pater

This delightful painting by Jean Baptiste Joseph Pater (1695-1736) is typical of a period when gay country pastimes were all the rage with an elegant and sophisticated court.

In these days there is less time for gaiety, but just a moment every day for Gala, the lipstick that gives colour to our modern lives.



GALA LIPSTICK

REFILLS (fit almost any case) • FACIAL CREAM POWDER





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discriminating
Women's choice . . .

Tango
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Fashion... moving along
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best of
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There's still a lot of
pleasure in possessing
Lingerie in 'Celanese'. Shorn
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yet it is still very lovely, for
the beautiful Quality of the
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Road and Air

THE post-war work of forgetting, as quickly as possible, the lessons that have been learned during the war, is going ahead with a swing. First lesson to be unlearned is that transport operations are one and that, in consequence, air, land and water vehicles must collaborate and co-operate. Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder and Field-Marshal Montgomery recognized the interdependence of the three services and it was partly because they integrated their forces that they were so successful. To them aeroplanes, tanks and ships were all weapon-transporters. Rundstedt himself pointed out, not long after his capture, that it was mainly because Anglo-American air power helped Anglo-American land power so well by attacks on German communications that the German Army was brought to defeat.

So the lesson of the war in the west is both elemental and elementary. Fighting on land and sea and in the air is still fighting, so that all administrative and organizational structures should be brought to a single head—the commander-in-chief—who thereby controls a fully co-ordinated system. Similarly transport on land and sea and in the air is still transport. Yet we have one ministry looking after railways and roads; another ministry looking after shipping, and yet another ministry now forming to look after civil aviation. It is my view that full efficiency in the use of all kinds of transport vehicles can never be attained while we have this division of responsibility. The Ministry of Transport should be in charge of all transport, in the air, on land and water. But it should have separate departments within it.

A.A. and R.Ae.C.

INSTEAD, however, of moving towards this logical conclusion we appear to be moving away from it. At the top are separate water-tight, air-tight, and earth-tight ministries while the departments tend to leak into one another. The Automobile Association, for instance, is active in private flying. It is in fact as active or more active than the Royal Aero Club, which is the official body concerned. The other day a letter



Pat Burke Married in Athens

On the 5th May Patricia Burke was married in Athens to G/Capt. Duncan Macdonald, D.S.O., A.F.C., of the Mediterranean Air Transport Service. This picture was taken in the garden of Captain Brian Reece's house where the reception was held. The bride gave her usual tremendous performance at the E.N.S.A. Garrison Theatre that evening and spent the first night of her honeymoon at the famous Grande Bretagne Hotel which was the Army H.Q. during the recent Greek civil war

appeared in *The Times* about private flying and the Secretary of the Automobile Association signed it above the Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, which is an inversion of what most people would expect.

The Automobile Association has always been efficient. The staff of its aviation department, together with its records, files and special equipment, was transferred to the British Overseas Airways Corporation on the outbreak of war and it is preparing to play its part in private flying again so soon as this becomes possible. Much as I admire the work of the Association I would prefer to see it sticking to its last and not entering the field of private flying. Meanwhile, I would like to see the Royal Aero Club more active than it has so far been in private flying. And I would like to see both of them—and the yachting and shipping organizations—ministered to (not meddled with) by a single Ministry of Transport.

New Secretary

THE election of officers for the year 1945-46 for the Royal Aero Club was announced the other day with Lord Brabazon as President and Lord Gorell as chairman. The vice-chairman is Commander Goodfellow. Meanwhile I see that the Club is inviting applications for the post of Secretary in succession to Commander Harold Perrin who is retiring this year. It is a great opportunity for the right man, because if private flying is to come to anything in Great Britain it needs a powerful, enthusiastic and combative body to support it. The Royal Aero Club has done well in the past. Its running of competitions and races in particular has always been excellent, but now the scope is enlarged a fresh outlook is needed and a real attempt to bring back the centre of gravity of private flying to somewhere between London and Paris.

One of the requirements for the new secretary is a knowledge of French. There must be an effort to secure full collaboration between France and ourselves because the private flying field for both English and French pilots must be held to embrace both countries. It is foolish to attempt to develop private flying within the confines of these islands. And if our pilots want freedom of flight in France, French pilots must have reciprocal benefits. Membership of the Aero Club is now over 1,500.

Airworthiness

PRESENT (and there are still a few) and prospective aircraft owners will be pleased to see that first parts of the British civil airworthiness requirements are being issued by the Air Registration Board.

Preparing the new requirements has been a big job. One set of requirements called the "A" series deals with matters concerning the procedure for applying for a certificate, for renewing certificates and for getting modifications approved. The other, "D" series, covers design and construction requirements. I am thankful to say that the Board has adopted the policy of stating requirements in broad terms and so leaving to the designer the manner in which he complies with them.

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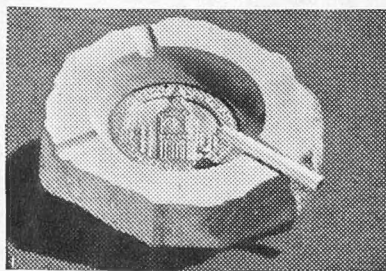
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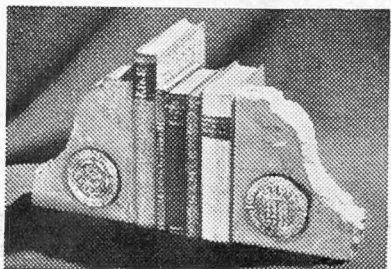
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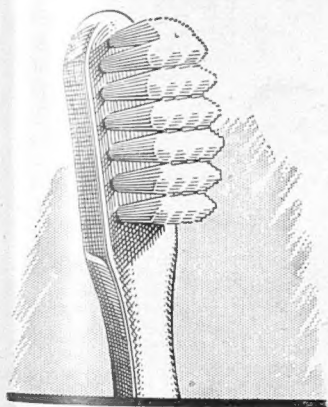
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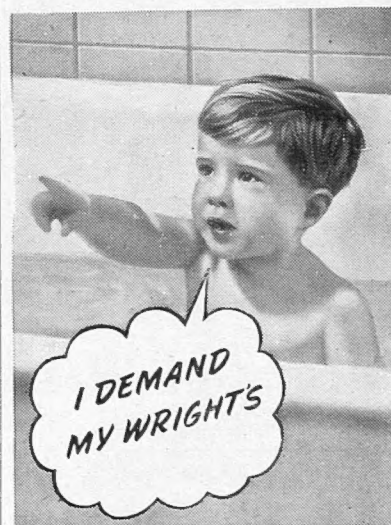
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